



### NORTON, GOD, AND JACK

Escaping steam sounded like a sign of relief from our engine as the line of railway coaches paused for a few minutes at one of the many stops through the Kennebecasis Valley. My travelling companion and I peered out of our car window at a cluster of houses basking in the late April sun.

"That white building along upper main street is the Norton Reformed Baptist Church" remarked my friend idly.

"Where?" I had snapped out of my indifferent dreaming. I was always interested in churches: especially Reformed Baptist Churches that I had never seen before.

"Been closed for some time." My companion's voice was lazy and unconcerned.

"Closed!" My eyes took a swift survey of the beautiful valley and the thriving town through which we were passing. "Why?"

The evangelist with whom I was travelling shifted his weight on the plush seat, arched his eye-brows, and then smiled knowingly at me before turning again to the warm, spring sun that bathed his face through the dusty window.

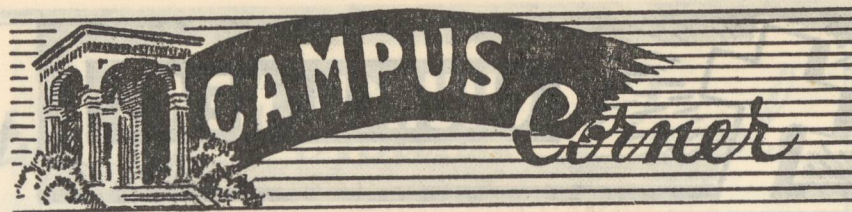
I pressed the question no further but as our train rolled on and towns, villages, country-side and wooded areas were left behind, I was still thinking of the little white church that wasn't so white, and the "Why" was still in my mind. I little realized then that I would some day stand behind the pulpit in that church and know that community by personal contact.

In 1952 our superintendent, Rev. B. C. Cochrane, and I drove up the Kennebecasis Valley by automobile. I saw the Norton church again, this time more clearly from the highway. The "Why?" was answered by "things", but chiefly due to the indifference in the community. I was pastor of the Sussex Home Mission effort for two years before I had thought of the Norton church enough to do anything about it, although it was only twelve miles away. At that time Rev. Arnold Stairs was pastor at Millstream. Bro. Stairs and I decided we would get to know the situation at Norton by experience. At the end of two weeks, "indifference" was the word we used however, the Norton Church was included in Brother Stair's appointments. He preached there Sunday afternoons and the Home Mission Board helped pay his travelling expenses. The Stairs accepted a call to other fields of labor and the worthy task was left to me. I approached the adventure with faith and enthusiasm, but all my calling, preaching, and praying, produced little results. I don't remember my largest attendance, but at one service I aimed my gospel sights at one lone women. Then along came "Jack":

"Jack," or Lic. John Stevens had no church, although he was fresh from Bethany Bible College. But "Jack" was not looking for a church he was seeking for the "will of God". I mentioned Norton as an opening for an energetic young man. I was not trying to unload a dead issue, somehow I still had a little faith left. Jack said he would pray about it—he is still praying about it. He is not praying about a dream however but a visable reality.

In the last issue of the Highway was a modest report of the work at Norton, and although it did mention the

(Continued on Page 6)



# BETHANY SUNDAY

## FEBRUARY

# 9

**BETHANY \* IN GOD'S PLAN**

IS

**WORKING \* IN GOD'S TIME**

# YOU

May make Bethany a success by including Bethany IN YOUR PLANS, AT THIS TIME

## GIVE TO BETHANY

### PREPARE

- Pastors for our Churches
- Missionaries for the Field
- Laymen for Life's Work

## GIVE and GIVE GENEROUSLY

"The Lord Loveth the Cheerful Giver"

OBJECTIVE **\$3,000**